



The School Board of Brevard County, Florida
2700 Judge Fran Jamieson Way, Viera, FL 32940

REQUEST FOR RECONSIDERATION OF MATERIALS

DIRECTIONS: This form shall be used to challenge instructional materials already adopted and in use in the classroom and/or other media material placed in the school's media center.

Name of School: Bayside High & Delaura Middle/High

Information Regarding Materials for Reconsideration				
Type of material:	<u>Book</u> Audio Book	Video/DVD	CD/MP3	Adopted Textbook
		Other (please specify) _____		Periodical
Title of material:	<u>Tricks</u>			
Author(s):	<u>Ellen Hopkins</u>			
Publisher/Producer:	<u>Margaret K McElderry Books / Simon & Schuster</u>			
Copyright date:	<u>1/24/2017</u>			

1. F.S. 1006.40(3)(d) requires that any materials purchased thereunder, must be:

Free of pornography and materials prohibited under F.S. 847.012.

Suited to student needs and their ability to comprehend the material presented.

Appropriate for the grade level and age group for which the materials are used or made available.

*Please select (above) which portion of the cited Florida Statute that you feel most captures your objection to the material.

2. What brought this material to your attention? Social Media

3. Did you examine the entire material? _____ If not, what parts did you examine? See attached

4. To what in the material do you object? (Please be specific -- cite pages, picture, film sequence, etc.)

See attached
Prostitution as a way of escape is a theme for this author.

Child Abuse + Rape
Prostitution, Teen Sex, Drugs

6. What do you feel might be the result of a student using this material?

Dysfunctional thinking,
Emotional problems
Normalization of Prostitution + Sexual Acts/Abuse

7. For what age group would you recommend this material?

Young Adults 18+ By the way: 12-17 yrs
is not adults.

(It has been banned in some places for its drug
use, sexual themes and language)

8. In your opinion, is there anything of value in this material?

Not Intended for minors
12-17 year olds are not adults

9. Have you read any critical reviews of this material? If so, what? Please be specific.

According to the ALA, this book is the 98th most banned
book between 2010 and 2019.

10. What would you like the school to do about this material? (Check your choice.)

Do not assign it to my child.

Withdraw it from all students.

Other: (Please explain)

11. If this material is withdrawn, what material of the same subject and format would you suggest as a substitute?

The subjects in this book are not
beneficial to minors

Requestor's Contact Information

Requestor's Name: Knomas Anna
(Last) (First) (Middle)
Requestor's Address: Brevard County
(Street Address) (City) (State) (Zip Code)
Email Address: [REDACTED]
Home Phone: _____ Cell Phone: _____

Anna Knomas Jan 30, 2023
Requestor's Signature (Physical Signature Required) Date

FOR ADMINISTRATIVE USE ONLY:

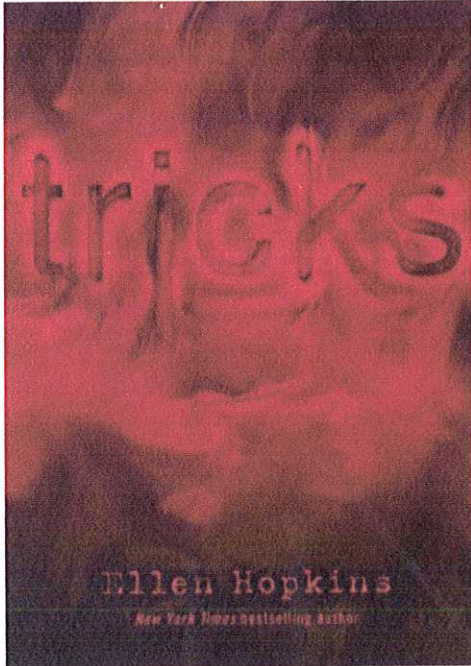
Date Received: 4/11/23 Received by: [Signature]
Reviewer Notes (if any): _____

School Materials Review Committee Meeting Date: _____ Outcome: _____

District-Level Materials Review Committee Meeting Date: (if applicable) _____ Outcome: _____

9/25/18
4/17/19

TRICKS



Young Adult

By Ellen Hopkins

ISBN: 1-41695007-9

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains numerous sexually explicit excerpts involving minors. There are also excerpts containing explicit child rape and abuse; illegal drug use; violence; underage alcohol consumption; and prostitution of adults and minors.

OBJECTION RATING

5/5

	will be fun. Thanks for taking me. Her hand strokes my thigh gently.
101	"And I want to make love with you soon." My body aches with wanting that very thing.
105	My Hand, Disguised as Andrew's hand, moves lightly down my neck, over collarbone, breastbone. Goose bumps rise in unusual places, and my body tingles in a completely foreign way. Because of Andrew. But he's not here. I pretend he is and let "his" hands explore the rounds of my breasts, move in tighter and tighter orbits, and now fingers circle the hard center nubs, raised like it's cold in here. It's not. I'm burning up. Delirious with raw need. My hand wants to slide lower, to a place I know nothing about except what they call it in books. And suddenly it comes to me how completely inept I'll be when Andrew and I finally share that warm feather bed, with comfy quilts and pillows we can fall into. I Turn on the Light Go to the computer, try to avoid looking at the Calvary screen saver. Jesus, hanging on the cross, staring down at his poor crying mother. Mama downloaded that, no doubt specifically to deter the kind of Internet exploration I have in mind...
118	Sex that is more than mutual masturbation. ...individual masturbation was the bulk of my sexual experience. There were a few short chapters of "touch here, I'll touch you there" in my very slim book of adolescent sexual escapades, but nothing more.
139	Wonder how hot his monkey is.
148	Guess he has fuck buddies, though.
164	...I suspected, Alyssa is not very happy about Ronnie jumping my bones...
166	We Had Sex The very first night we went out together...
168	But he is a partier. Drinks like no serious athlete should... ...Vince and I Have Shared A bottle or two, a fistful of doobs, pipes and pipes and pipes. Tonight, we'll pass around all three at his regular Friday poker game. ...Suppose it could be because I'm usually the one supplying the weed. ...Booze isn't his only bad habit, though. Pot. Pills. Crack. Probably other stuff...
172	I swear I never had a clue she had made friends with the pipe. Best thing about it is what a little horndog she turns into when she's smoking. Boo frigging yah! Whatever I want.
175	Except this time he smells like cheap brew. Thirteen! How did he even get hold of the stuff? Ripped it off, no doubt.
176	The Game Hasn't Started Yet Four or five guys are drinking. Smoking. Snorting something off the glass-topped coffee table.

	<p>...Then he lays me gently on the bed, unbuttons my shirt, peels back the blue satin, stares at what he has uncovered. I am totally exposed, totally flying high, and yet I do, in fact, feel safe with Lucas, even as he lowers himself over me. Every ounce of me wants what he's about to do, and yet for just an instant, regret stings and I say, "Wait." He pauses. What? You don't want me to stop, do you? Because I don't think I can. I need you. See? He lowers my hand to feel his need, and my heart screams, "Hurry!" Still, my brain whispers, "You can never take this back." I look up into Lucas's eyes. "I don't want you to stop. But please don't go too fast. I'm afraid..." Afraid it will hurt. Afraid it will change me. Afraid... afraid... the word humps in time with my heartbeat, even as Lucas soothes, I'll go easy. And he does. And I'm ready. And it does feel good, despite the pain, because it also hurts.</p>
235	<p>...another of Iris's badass lays, one I can't forget. I do my best never to think of him, what he did. Try never to remember that place in my childhood, but sometimes it pops into view despite all my efforts to keep it hidden. I was almost ten...</p> <p>...Iris worked at a cathouse, making money her usual way, only without walking the streets. Walt was a miner, and though he was a regular paying customer at Mimi's, he had an appetite for younger meat. Iris was younger then too, but even at twenty-six, she was way too old for Walt. Still, he paid for her...</p> <p>I remember how he touched Iris, and how she didn't care that her kids could see. I remember his Marlboro breath falling all down around me when he said, Let me show you something. On Another Day It wouldn't have happened, couldn't have happened. Too many witnesses around. But for some odd reason, that particular afternoon, Iris had taken the other kids to play in the park.</p> <p>...But it wasn't more than ten minutes before Walt came through the door. He didn't ask where Iris was, or why the house was so quiet. He didn't say one word. I opened a can of refried beans, spooned them into a pot. I had no real reason to be afraid. So why did my hands shake? I kept my back to him but could feel his eyes, carving into me. Finally, he started toward the living room. Bring me a beer, sweets.</p> <p>...he wasn't on the couch, as expected. Back here, he called from Iris's room. He was already out of his jeans. I didn't know much then, but I knew there was something very wrong about that.</p> <p>...He grabbed my hand, jerked me hard against him. Let me show you something.</p> <p>I tried to run, but he was faster. Tried to fight. He was stronger. Tried to scream. He choked my cries.</p> <p>When He Finished (Thank God it didn't take long), he rolled off me with a grunt. Reached for his beer. Slammed it. Ripped and pried, swallowed up by the shame of what that meant, I crawled into the bathroom to scrub away the evidence.</p>

313	First I Pour A hefty shot (okay, more like four) of Cuervo Gold. No need to bother with salt or limes, no worries about tequila burn going down. It feels good.
315	I totally wanted to pop your cherry. You were my first virgin, and you'll probably be my last. Because...sorry, but virgin sex really isn't very good. ..."F-fuck you!..." ...One more gulp and I repeat, "Fuck you!"
323	"Get the fuck away from me." ...The guy is right behind me, beer breath hot on my neck. Iris didn't lie. You really are a knockout. His arms wrap around me, and his rough hands go straight to my boobs. I try to knock them away but am no match for his strength. You like it rough? 'Cause I'm just the guy to give it that way No extra charge. The words burn into my ear. "What? What the fuck did you say?" A sudden burst of will pushes him back, away. I turn to face him. He advances, a thin line of spit leaking from his mouth to his chin. I stare at evil. I said, no extra charge. Already paid two hundred dollars for a good time with you. Might as well make it very good. He's on me, yanking my hair, pushing me to my knees. He flips me over. You're even prettier from behind, know that? I hear his zipper lower. It is the loudest sound ever. "Don't," I try, but it sticks, pasted to disgust, lodged in my throat. Useless to plead. Useless to fight. He yanks down my shorts in a single swift motion. He is on me. In m Humiliating me in every possible way, right here on the kitchen floor. As promised, he is rough. Biting. Pounding. Shredding. Ripping. "Please?" The word bounces off him, ping-pongs weakly in my ears. Trying to fight him only fuels him. For a fleeting second, I think maybe someone will come through the door to save me. And then, despite everything that's happening to me, I laugh out loud. Save me? What did he say? I already paid for a good time with you. I've been sold. And just who would sell me? The answer is all too obvious: Iris. My mother And as he finishes, all sticky and stinking and revolting, something else suddenly becomes crystal clear. This day was exactly like that other day. If this guy paid Iris, so did Walt When He's Gone I use wet paper towels to clean the mess on the linoleum. Under the sink, I find the Pine-Sol, carry it to the shower. It stings, which means it's working. I scrub my body over and over, washing away all evidence of this afternoon. On TV, they want you to call the cops. Tell. But what do say? "Hey. My mom took money to let some guy rape me." Who'd believe that? I go to my room, stuff clothes into my backpack.
327	Not like ice cream takes forever. Only longer than rape. Fuck!

	<p>He is pliable. Clay. He smiles, clearly into the game this has unmistakably become.</p> <p>...What will you give me for ice cream? I back away, closing buttons. Reach down deep for the "inner whore"</p> <p>Father claims all women harbor inside. I smile. "Haagen-Dazs or store brand?"</p> <p>The Door Locks Behind Jerome, who promised to see what I can do about Cherry Garcia.</p>
376	<p>Thinking of Loren Makes me want liquor.</p> <p>...there's usually beer in the fridge, and the afternoon is hot for June. A cold brew sounds pretty damn fine.</p>
377	<p>...now it's Miller time! I reach into the fridge, find a frosty can, pop the top, take a long swallow.</p>
401	<p>Getting high. "You don't happen to have any pot, do you?" Bryn has never offered to get high with me.</p> <p>...I do have some Valium, if you're a little nervous. In there. He points at the center console. Valium? Why not? "I'm not exactly nervous. But a good buzz never hurt anyone, right?" I pop one, wait for it to kick in, watching the ocean's heave. By the time we reach Bryn's chosen location, I'm feeling pretty darn fine.</p>
402	<p>He unpacks his gear, then checks me out, all up and down. Take off the bra and panties, okay? We want a glimpse--a hint-- of what's under all that white. I do as instructed, allow Bryn to position me exactly the way he wants. He sits me, skirt tucked provocatively between my bent legs, and when he goes to move my arms, his hand brushes against the fabric covering my breasts. My nipples go hard immediately.</p> <p>Lovely, he says, assessing. Exactly what I'm after. Then he kisses me sweetly. Exactly what I'm after.</p> <p>...When he's finished with his camera, he lays me back on a thick blanket.</p> <p>...Bryn's free hand begins a slow exploration of my body, over the sheer fabric, tracing each curve. You don't mind, do you? Eyes closed to the lowering sun, brain suspended on a Valium cloud, I sigh, lift my head. "Kiss me." He does, and then he lowers his mouth to other, much more intimate places.</p> <p>... "Make love to me."</p> <p>You're sure? he asks, but there can be no doubt I'm very, very sure. Bryn guides me to a place Lucas has no idea exists.</p> <p>Okay, It's Kind of Disturbing That, immediately after learning the meaning of "orgasm," I think of Lucas. Maybe it's because I need to know, "Was that okay?"</p> <p>Oh, darling. Bryn kisses across my face. That was more than okay. That was extraordinary. With just a little practice, you will become perfection. And I so want to be...want to be your coach.</p>
411	<p>See, for a while Lydia worked as a stripper in a fairly nice club near the Stratosphere. I made pretty good money. Most of it</p>

424	Later, After Several Shots Of whiskey (Lydia buys it for us, as long as we drink it post-business only),
442	Forgive me, he whispered, and he meant that, even as he stripped, lowered his ghostly white nakedness over me. I swallowed the building scream. Opened my legs. Wept as he plunged inside. Choked on his Listerine-flavored tongue, wielded like a weapon. His kiss was, in fact, harder to accept. Sex is sex. A kiss means love.
444	But now Jerome wants other things. Let me watch you touch yourself. Creepy things. Did you know guys like to use vibrators too? Like this. ...Your period? I like the taste of blood.
449	Make the best of it... Guys like vibrators too. ...Plan C Means courting Jerome's affection, pretending to enjoy his deviant sex. Tonight that means letting him call me "Mommy" as he sits on my lap and "nurses." I stroke his hair as a mother would, dig deep inside for the words, "Mommy loves you, Jerome." That excites him, as I guessed it would. I love you, too, Mommy. See how much? ...I hold stubbornly to the dream that he will, as Jerome turns his belly to "Mommy's." Love or no, Jerome wants to punish Mommy. The sex is rough, but it doesn't hurt nearly as bad as the pretense. And it's even faster than usual.
451	I roll on top of him, look up into his eyes. "What if we..." Soft kiss. "Never mind." He shivers. Is much too easy. I feel almost evil when he whispers, What? almost evil when he whispers, What? Together." ...I lean forward, cup my breasts, rub them over his face. ...I rock back gently, invite him inside. "I'd be all yours and take such good care of you." The second time takes longer, but when he's finally done, he says, I'll think about it.
458	He lifts my arms, pulls my shift up over my head. I'm in need of your special brand of lovin'. Help me special brand of lovin'. Help me As He Pokes And pinches, I concentrate on ways to not reach Salt Lake City.
471	they ask if you'll talk dirty to them, preferably on the phone. Masturbators. Every now and then, you come across married guys who want to meet for real, with or without their wives, usually the former. Cheap thrill seekers. I haven't played in the flesh, but I don't mind getting someone off telling dirty stories. There's a certain sick kind of power in that.
483	It's a dope-sized plastic bag with some brown substance inside. "What's that?" But I suspect his response: Smack. One of the girls turned me on to a little. Thought you might like to share a taste. Heroin. I've never even thought about trying it. "I don't know....That shit is scary as hell." Way past meth, which is scary enough.

	<p>she'll do.</p> <p>His hands slide over my front, reach up under my blouse. The skin of his fingers, seeking my nipples, is calloused. Cold. "No, wait. I can't. You're not serious... Bryn?" He can't want me to do this! I jerk away from Oscar, turn to Bryn. Search his eyes. They are deadly serious, and so is Bryn when he says, Yes, you can. And if you love me, you will. You do love me, don't you? "Of course I love you! But this isn't..." Isn't right, is what I want to say. But what is right, anymore? is this really what loving him means? Bryn's hands press down on my shoulders.</p> <p>...I Beg for a Buzz First Pot won't do. It has to be smack, and three long pulls of the acrid smoke barely take me to the place I need to be. Oscar watches. Waits impatiently for the H to kick in.</p> <p>...Fear-queasy, I stumble down the hall, into the bedroom. Oscar follows, shedding clothes. His body is lean, muscular. Another time, another place, I might find him attractive, but attraction is about choice. I have no choice here but to I have no choice here but to is he has paid to do. I hate you, Bryn. I hate you. Within Seconds I hate Oscar, too. He breathes beer, sweats onion...</p> <p>...he bites my neck, and lower. I'll wear his teeth marks for days. "Stop. You're hurting me.""</p> <p>You think that hurts? You ain't seen nothing yet. His teeth close even harder and his hand squeezes my arms like a vise and now Bruising pain. I give myself to the morphine shroud, denying the pounding between my thighs. Something makes me look toward the door. Bryn stands there, staring.</p>
497	It's not such a big deal, as long as they use condoms.
500	Maybe that bastard who raped me made me pregnant and God was gracious enough to let me miscarry.
509	<p>It's more than a little bit obvious that the day's "business" included more than stripping. The smell of sweat and sex hangs in the air, a storm cloud.</p> <p>...You're not turning tricks like some hooker, are you?"</p> <p>...I mean, the sex isn't good, but it's fast, and all things considered, the pay scale isn't bad. Fifty bucks for under ten minutes' work? Three hundred an hour! Shit, girl, that's attorney wages.</p> <p>"Stop it! We don't need money that bad. I'll get off the rag and we'll go back to stripping."</p>
516	<p>Chris still had a sleeve or two left of his shirt, and while he was busy losing those, I invited Misty to smoke some bud. We got to talking, and the more we smoked, the more I confessed, which made her open up to me. Yeah, money sucks, but you can't live without it. I'm paying my way through UNLV with a little sex-on-the-side.</p> <p>...I mean, if you're going to have sex anyway, why not earn a</p>

	<p>through my body. Blood pulses in my temples. You make Dan happy now, hear? Pain! Oh my God! Nothing has ever hurt like this. I tense, beg him to stop. But he doesn't stop. Doesn't slow. Can't take it. Can't. Through the rhythmic pain, apple. Pressure. Pressure, deep. Oh! Nothing has ever felt so good. Exquisite. Exquisite. No! I won't. No matter what, I won't. This isn't me. ...But I do. And when I do, it's over the top.</p>
548	<p>Mr. So-not-nice trucker issues an ultimatum: Oral sex or a very long walk to Vegas.</p>
563	<p>Before I Can Answer He is all over me. Hands. Mouth. Ugh. Tequila. I push him away. "Wait just one fucking second...." I step back, look at Carl...</p> <p>...No need to be rude to our guest. He's here by invitation. Understand? "Invi--" Carl wants me to be with this creep? What happened to our "exclusive relationship"? "No. I don't understand."</p> <p>...He pushes me, and not gently, toward Brett. Now apologize to my friend as I hope you would apologize to me. He Does Not Mean With words. And he doesn't exactly mean solo. They move in unison, and I am sandwiched between them, Carl behind me, moving sensuously, while Brett dares kiss me again. I hold my breath against the assault of gin at my back, tequila in my face. A strange tongue in my mouth. Now Brett rests his chin on my shoulder, and he and Carl are kissing. It's a cobra dance, and despite what it means, I am charmed. Seduced by sensual motion. Behind me and in front of me, both men grow hard, and for some horrifying reason, I respond in like manner.</p> <p>I Have Never Considered Three-way sex. How would...? Oh. No way will I let one of them take me like that.</p> <p>...My rule: hands or mouths only. He stops kissing Brett, but neither man quits moving, writhing like mating hooded serpents. We're playing by my rules, remember? But don't worry. I only expect you to give. For now. From somewhere, he extracts a condom, hands it to me, keys to the kingdom. Don't rush, he orders, and don't you dare close your eyes. I want to see how much you like it. He moves in front of me, strips Brett from the waist down, pushes him onto his hands and knees. Then he drops his own trousers. Come on, he urges, positioning himself inches from Brett's face. Shaking, I move behind Brett, grab his shoulders. Carl's hands cover mine. Brett moans as I...Oh my God! I am damned. But I don't stop and I don't rush. Carl's eyes never once leave mine. Finally I beg his permission. "Now? Please?" He nods and I do. We all do.</p>
569	<p>Sometimes he comes, rewards them like he rewards me, with junk and beautiful sex. Sometimes other men come. That sex is never beautiful. It is selfish. Needful. Fueled by sick desire to get off. Get even. Get over someone who has hurt them by symbolically impaling someone else. So Bryn's zombie girls stay</p>

	<p>it to him. I go limp. No! he screams. Fight, you goddamn whore! Fight, or I'll kill you. No fight left in me. Fuck me. Kill me. Don't care. He wants both. His penis stabs me, his hands lock around my throat. Air. No air. Black...Air! My lungs grab it suddenly. I float up into gray light, roll onto my side, vomit. Only nothing comes out. Noise. Someone's screaming. Get the fuck out of here, you son of a bitch.</p>
596	<p>Since the revelation about Iris sicking her snarling dogs on me, other faces--other mutts--materialize when I least want to recognize them, often just as I sink into an alcohol-fueled stupor, praying it will let me sleep, dreamless. I was so young the first time, I didn't know what it meant, only that nothing had ever hurt so bad. Walt tore me up and I bled and bled and when I screamed, nobody came. And he laughed. That's it, little baby. Scream for your daddy. Only he wasn't my daddy at all. My daddy was a brave soldier, fighting far away. Iris told me so. I still believed the stuff she told me then. When I told her about the man, not my daddy, she said, He was only making you into a real girl. I didn't understand. But I made myself believe her. I was a real girl now. But what was I before?</p> <p>Walt Was the First There were others. Nameless. Faceless. I figured out how to close off my brain when they did it to me, to withdraw into a dark little room inside my head, where I couldn't see them. Couldn't smell their sweat, their stagnant breath. Couldn't taste the tobacco coating their tongues, or the beer tainting the spit they left in my mouth. Couldn't feel what was down between my legs. But now they revisit me. Is it because of what I'm doing?</p>
600	<p>Bastard screwed me, then robbed me.</p>
611	<p>We both have a date with some sexually confused out-of-towner. Three-ways aren't quite so bad. Misty isn't the brightest girl. But she's got a killer body to focus on. It's okay to be turned on by that. The evening's little snort party will help me out too.</p>
616	<p>I do, find her already mostly naked. The guy, who's a totally forgettable middle-aged nothing, is completely naked.</p> <p>...The dude, who isn't much down there either, despite it being at full mast, turns his attention away from Misty, focuses on me. What are you waiting for? Time is money, you know. Like it's going to take him much time at all. But whatever. It is his money. And less time is better. Misty distracts him with her yummy boobs and I start to pull my T-shirt over my head Suddenly the door explodes behind me. What the...?</p> <p>Something--bear or bulldozer--knocks me face forward to the floor, forcing my breath into the carpet. knocks me face forward to the floor, forcing my breath into the carpet. yells, What the fuck, as my right kidney takes two massive punches. My shirt is still over my head and I can't see a damn thing as I fight for air.</p>